

Rangeley Lakes.

VOL. II.

RANGELEY, MAINE, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1896.

NO. 32.

Written for RANGELEY LAKES:

The Wonderful and Extraordinary Are
Seldom Forgotten.

By S. H. McCOLLISTER.

THE aged delight to tell how it used to be when they were young. The cold of winter and the heat of summer, the snows and rains, the whirlwinds and earthquakes, the thunder and lightning, the accidents and escapes, the robberies and murders, were far more remarkable than any in modern days. The stories of the sires thrill the hearts of the grandchildren as they tell how they came into the woods and settled, living in log-huts and raising their corn among the stumps and carrying it to mill on horse-back far off through the forests before there were any roads save the trails whose course was marked by spotted trees. Oh! the bears and wolves that used to chase them! Oh! these wild creatures frequently would render the nights hideous! Then the snowstorms are not to be matched any more! Why, the drifts were like mountains and often buried camps out of sight so that the indwellers would have to dig for days before they could get the light! The hail storms of that old time were just terrific. The stones were often as large as hens' eggs and would smash the glass where there was any exposed, and drive all living creatures under shelter or destroy them.

The eclipses of eighty or a hundred years ago were just surprising! These were wont to render the day so dark at noon as to set the dogs howling and the cats yawling, inducing the birds to sing their vespers and the fowls to rush for their roosts.

The great frosts of 1813-14 were described not long since by a veteran who said that the "cold was so intense as to freeze up every thing here at the north, even the voices of men, the report of guns, and the blasts of trumpets, which did not thaw out for a long while." The same grandfather related that it was so intensely hot one summer and stimulating that a tree in his father's orchard was observed to be groaning under its weight of apples; and so the limbs were shored up, and the next morning to their amazement the fruit had increased in avoirdupois to that extent, as to lift the tree from the ground; so there it stood on the supports with every root above the soil. This we half think must have been the same season which Sydney Smith describes as being so hot that a man in the middle of the day to endure the heat, was forced to take of his flesh and sit in his bones.

May 17th 1780 and June 17th 1804 are frequently mentioned as dubious days. The darkness came on about ten o'clock, causing the cattle to seek the barnyards. Candles were lit in the houses. Owls hooted as though it were midnight. The darkness continued the remainder of the day.

The year of 1833 is memorable for its marvelous display of shooting stars. During its winter several nights were rendered brilliant by meteors flying in all directions, as though the heavens were waging fearful battles. Many were frightened and felt that surely the world is fast coming to an end. The red snow of the same year, occasioned by the northern lights streaming to the zenith from all points of the compass, will long be remembered and described as startling. The boys and girls did not care to be out upon the ice, or sliding down hill, while

the "lumane boreale" was staining apparently the snow scarlet, as if the very elements were shedding blood.

Are not just as wonderful phenomena taking place now-a-days as ever heretofore? It is believed that when they shall have become four score years old they will be repeated with as much zest as some of the old folk are asserting that this winter has never been paralleled. Some are declaring that it is an old fashioned winter; just like such a one fifty or sixty years ago when December was open but severely cold so that the ice froze two and three feet thick on the lakes and in the rivers; and February was very open, but, when March came in like a lion, how the heavens did let fall the snow! How it was piled up in the roads and streets! In many of the rural towns as it was a few weeks ago in certain parts of New Hampshire, the select men could scarcely get out so as to post their town warrants. The present winter is likely to be one that will be often quoted as remarkable in the years to come.

The blizzard of 1888 is already being spoken of as the most remarkable winter occurrence that ever visited New England. As I read of it in India, it seemed that a good share of our land was so deeply buried in snow the people would not be able to discover themselves again for the longest while, and it was a question if the suns of summer would give forth sufficient heat to bare the meadows.

The comet of 1861 and the April meteors of that year are already being recounted as phenomenal, and the snows of the same month covered the fences out of sight; and a crust in places was formed so strong that heavy teams could go across lots.

When we have a mild winter it is natural to infer that our climate is becoming warmer; and we attempt to account for the change by the cutting off of the forests, tilling the soil, and the probable nearer approach of the Gulf Stream to our shores. But let a winter like the present come upon us and our logic is prone to an entirely different conclusion. If the Pilgrim Fathers did nearly freeze to death the first winter they spent on Cape Cod, we are not ready to admit from any changes since, that Plymouth Rock can be a very hot place the present season. The old people of the next generation will no doubt have wonderful stories to relate to the young people about natural phenomena.

Sawdust City, (Redington).

Mrs. M. B. Drisko left town for a stay in Phillips. Mr. Drisko has gone into the woods to remain till the mill starts up.

W. H. Harrison went to Phillips Thursday.

Quiet about the place now.

We want snow to get logs to the mill.

Very little lumber being shipped at the present time.

Fletcher Pope, Esq., the new general manager of the Lumber Co. went to his home in Massachusetts Saturday.

Mr. Pope has sold all the lumber in the yard and it is to be loaded and shipped as soon as possible. There are about one million feet.

Unless the mill starts up within a short time they will have a clear yard for their next season's cut.

Rangeley Recollections.

I believe the pioneer Abolitionists of the settlement were Mr. and Mrs. William Toothaker, but the other Toothakers and the Hoars were not long in joining the standard of an unpopular cause. They read Brother Burr's old "Morning Star" then published in Dover, N. H., and Austin Willey's "Liberty Standard" from Augusta, and there they found their political, as well as their religious, gospel. Uncle Calvin Elliott was wont scornfully to refer to them as "Avilishnists."

About the middle of the forties the zeal of these Abolitionists was strongly reinforced by the appearance of a fugitive slave named Louis Clark, who in the crowded Red School House told the story of his servitude and escape with a native dramatic power and eloquence that won all hearts. Probably the lecturing campaign of Clark in Maine contributed largely to the sentiment which culminated in the birth of the Republican party in Maine in 1853.

Only a few weeks ago it was stated in a newspaper that this eloquent negro was alive in Louisville, Ky., old, broken and the inmate of an almshouse.

William Toothaker, who was the richest man of the settlement after Rangeley left, was not only an early Abolitionist, but a friend to heathens of all sorts save the home variety. He contributed liberally to the missionary cause. He was a man of much intelligence and an occasional contributor to his favorite newspapers. His widow was a generous benefactor of the school for colored people at Harper's Ferry. Mr. and Mrs. Toothaker passed their latter years in Phillips.

I believe William Toothaker, like his brother Abner in latter days, made a good deal of money in the lumber business back in the time of Rangeley's proprietorship and lumbering operations. He and Toothaker were friends and the English squire was sheltered at the house of the latter before he moved his family to the settlement. He didn't enjoy the mosquitoes of the region. One night he was heard fighting them vigorously in his bedroom, and when Mrs. Toothaker went to his relief she was much amused to hear him swearing vigorously at the "damned gnats," while he fought them with his handkerchief.

The average school committee man of the old settlement no doubt acted according to his best lights, but he had not enjoyed the best school privileges in his youth and was not a very good example of school culture. One day two of them visited us at the Red School House and the elder one made a little speech, telling us that some of our school books were behind the times. One of these books was the English Reader; another was The First Class Book. While the senior committeeman was speaking, his associate (Willard Stevens, who was quite a scholar) interjected the remark that those books were 30 years too old. "I was going to say twenty years," continued the chief spokesman "but I guess you are right."

In reading aloud from a newspaper at a Washingtonian meeting this same committee encountered the word "coaxed," which he divided into two syllables, making it co-axed.

The writer tramped one autumn day long ago with Uncle Dave and Uncle Lem Quimby across westerly through the woods to Kennebago stream. I believe we were looking for the high-bush cranberries which in some seasons abounded along that water course. But we found only beechnuts, which came down in showers as Uncle Dave whacked the tree trunks with the heel of his ax.

Near an old landing on the Kennebago we found an ancient but well-preserved "jack" for night still hunting of moose. It bore the marks of careful Indian handiwork. The edges of the background of bark were neatly bound with thread-like roots, and near the centre was a socket for the torch intended to lure the game to its death. The last use of that jack was to hold a candle for a lazy boy to read in bed.

The smell of the old-time cut-down in all its sweet and wholesome pungency comes back to the nostrils over an expanse of almost sixty years.

Felling trees and piling the charred logs was no boy's play, but it made appetite and bone and muscle and a fragrant memory, with incidental wheat and oats and barley—the great laugh of harvest, following the tickle of the harrow as it danced and plunged over the roots and rocks imbedded in the virgin soil.

I don't pretend that I enjoyed the cut-down at any stage in my boyhood, unless when at night the lads threw blazing brands at each others' backs just to see the sparks fly; but now, if I had money to operate with, I should be inclined to go to the Lakes and clear land for the fun, if not for the profit, of it.

Long before I had heard of the daintiness of "planked shad" I had enjoyed planked trout, or trouted roasted on a movable seat of my boat before a fire on South Bog stream. It did not have the aroma supposed to be imparted to a fish impaled on a plank of oak, but salt and butter and bread and a boy's appetite supplied that deficiency. The sacrificial trout, split open along the back and spread out on the boat seat, with all his crimson interior exposed to the fire, had ceased to be a "speckled beauty," but was a very radiant creature still in his later aspect.

How the trouts in South Bog stream did take the grasshopper in those August and September days!

And when we were cloyed with fishing there were the inexhaustible blueberries along the old lumber road connecting the lakes south of Bald Mountain. Then a row back to North Cove by moonlight.

OLD LAKER.

TERRIBLE ACCIDENT.

A Phillips Boy Loses his Foot in Woods
Near Redington.

Arthur Taylor, of Phillips, met with a terrible accident while working in the woods back of Redington, Monday. He was tending a snub rope on a ram down and by some means his foot became entangled in the warp and was torn nearly off. The ankle joint was entirely smashed, and the foot so nearly torn off that it could have been severed with a pair of scissors. He was immediately taken to his home in Phillips, and Dr. Palmer was summoned and amputated the foot. Mr. Taylor was a steady and industrious young man, and has the sympathy of the whole community.

BURNS DIED PENNILESS.

His First Obituary Notice Called For Help For His Family.

When Robert Burns died, the following obituary appeared in the Edinburgh Advertiser of July 26, 1796: "On the 21st inst., died at Dumfries, after a lingering illness, the celebrated Robert Burns. His poetical compositions, distinguished equally by the force of native humor, by the warmth and the tenderness of passion, and by the glowing touches of a descriptive pencil, will remain a lasting monument of the vigor and versatility of a mind guided only by the lights of nature and by the inspiration of genius.

"The public, to whose amusement he has so largely contributed, will learn with regret that his extraordinary endowments were accompanied with frailties which rendered them useless to himself and his family. The last months of his short life were spent in sickness and indigence, and his widow, with five infant children, and in the hourly expectation of a sixth, is now left without any resource but what she may hope from the regard due to the memory of her husband.

"The public are respectfully informed that contributions for the wife and family of the late Robert Burns (who are left in circumstances of extreme distress) will be received at the houses of Sir William Forbes & Co., of Messrs. Mansfield, Ramsay & Co., and at the shops of the Edinburgh bookellers. It is proposed to publish some time hence a posthumous volume of the poetical remains of Robert Burns for the benefit of the author's family. His friends and acquaintances are requested to transmit such poems and letters as may happen to be in their possession to Alexander Cunningham, Writer, George street, Edinburgh, or to John Syme, Esq., Ryedale, Dumfries. It is hoped that in the meantime none of his original productions will be communicated to the public through the channel of newspapers or magazines so as to injure the sale of the intended publication."

NATURE IN THE OCEAN.

Creatures Devouring Each Other to Prevent Overproduction.

It is estimated that the cyclops will begot 442,000 young in the course of the year, and if these were all permitted to mature and reproduce themselves the seas would in a short time be a simple mass of living organisms. But the cyclops, or "whalefood," constitutes almost the exclusive food of the vast shoals of herrings and the sea living salmon and salmon trout. Their existence is one of the greatest economic triumphs of nature, for these minute creatures scour the sea of its refuse and keep it sweet while they form the food of fishes which in turn furnish wholesome food for millions of human beings.

Feeding on dead vegetable and animal matter, these entomostraca are converted into the food fishes of the world by one remove, being first assimilated by the herrings, then absorbed by the tunny, cod, mackerel and other fishes which follow herring shoals and prey upon the latter. They mainly swim on the surface of the water, and it is the search of them in this position which brings the shoals of herrings to the surface. Their countless numbers are also augmented by the microscopic larvae of fixed shells, such as the barnacle, which begins life in this form, first as a one eyed swimming crustacean, then growing a pair of eyes, and finally affixing itself.

In rivers these larvae are the sole food of all young fish, and often also of older fish. In early spring the creatures in every stage—eggs, larvae and perfect, though microscopic entomostraca—swarm in the water, on the mud and on the water plants, and were it not for nature's provision for keeping them in check so rapid would be their rate of multiplication that the whole character of the water would speedily be entirely changed.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

One Couple Made Miserable.

When a through New York express, on the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western railroad pulled into Binghamton the other day, a party of young men and women bustled into one of the cars with a young couple who were going away. They stood around and chattered all sorts of wishes that the departing couple might have a good time until the passengers made up their minds that there had been a wedding and this was the bridal couple starting out for the honeymoon journey. When the conductor shouted "All aboard!" the

friends of the young couple ran for the car door and began to get off the train. A young woman was the last to leave the car. Just as she reached the door she called out in a tone of pleasant assurance: "You don't look a bit like a bride and groom."

Then she fled. The other passengers smiled, and the young couple looked acutely, miserably self conscious. The girl blushed clear around to the back of her neck, and the young man stared out of the window and drummed on the pane. For a long time after the train started they had not a word to say to each other.

Now, the joke of it was they were not bride and groom. At Scranton the young man got up, said goodby to the girl, took his gripsack and left the train. She came on to New York alone and was met by a smart young fellow, who called her by her first name and took her away in a carriage.—New York Sun.

Versatility In Singing.

If asked what further quality is most necessary and desirable for a singer who has acquired her art with fine perfection, the most tempting reply is "versatility." It is not enough that an artist shall be able to sing perfectly one style or kind of song. The public demands an infinite variety, and she must be able, therefore, to appeal to all tastes, to please all sorts and conditions of musical people. Unfortunately, though, versatility is rare even among artists, and far too infrequent among amateurs. My plea is that more of our American vocal students shall appreciate its value, and appreciating its importance and desirability as part of the equipment of an artistic singer shall endeavor to secure it. It is unnecessary to say that before versatility can be acquired the foundations of technique and a certain amount of style must be present. The singer must know how to sing, must have acquired correct tone production and vocal technique. Then will come the more specifically directed labor.—Clementine de Vere Sapio in Ladies' Home Journal.

An Artist's Courtship.

Mrs. Lee Bacon, in an article entitled "A Painter of Motherhood," contributes a sketch of Virginie Demont-Breton, the artist daughter of Jules Breton, to The Century. Mrs. Bacon quotes the following from Mme. Demont-Breton:

"I was only 14 years old when I first saw my uncle's pupil Adrien. I saw him only once, but for a year after I thought often of the handsome fellow of 19, with his sketches under his arm. I had thought so often of him that when at the end of a year I saw him again I was enraptured. In a few hours he was gone, and the next time we met I was 16. He appeared at intervals to consult my uncle about his work, but my feelings were such that I wondered with fear whether he had even given me a thought. I realized what it would be to me if, as was just possible, he was almost ignorant of my existence.

"Again, the third time, he came and went. Soon after my father was questioning me about many things, and about my feelings for my young playmate. He named first one, then another. I was surprised when he asked, as if by chance, what I thought of my uncle's pupil Adrien Demont. He had only to look to realize what the mere mention of this name was to me.

"It soon transpired that he had asked my father for me, and we became engaged—an engagement which was to last for three years and more. But they were not long. We saw each other every two weeks, and wrote between times, just as I am told young people who love each other do in America."

The Italian Baby.

No infant receives a warmer welcome to the world or is more happily born than the Italian baby. No infant is the object of more caresses or is more fondly admired. Indeed, no matter how poor the mother and father may be, no matter how large the family, they have very merry times when another son or daughter comes to them. The neighbors are invited in, a feast is prepared, a gallon or two of cheap wine is procured, and the merriment sometimes lasts several days.

The Italian considers there are only three great events in the life of man—namely, his birth, marriage and death. These three events never pass without a gorgeous and elaborate celebration. In this simple way they strive to carry out the tender life lesson. "When you were born, you wept while those around you

smiled. So live that when you die you alone may smile and those around you weep." And so they laugh and drink wine and sing, for they believe it will have an effect upon the life of the quivering form soon to take its place among them.—New York Times.

Played It on the Judge.

That eccentric but kind hearted judge, Sir James Allan Parke, acquired, among other inconvenient habits, a trick of thinking aloud. One day when trying an old woman for stealing faggots he unconsciously ejaculated, "Why, one faggot is as like another faggot as one egg is like another egg." The counsel defending the prisoner caught the aside and naturally made a strong point of it in his defense. "Stop, stop!" cried the judge. "It is an intervention of Providence. This was the very thought that passed through my own mind. Gentlemen, acquit the prisoner."—Pearson's Weekly.

When Hannibal's army descended from the Alps into the valley of Lombardy, the whole force was well nigh routed by a plague of mosquitoes, which drove men and animals almost wild with pain.

Twenty-seven days are required to make the journey between New York and Senegal.

Dogs and Feminine Affection.

Edward W. Bok writes of "Dogs and Feminine Affection" in The Ladies' Home Journal and points out the dangers of caressing a dog, however well cared for it may be. "The most eminent physicians," he asserts, "have conclusively shown that the practice of allowing the body of a dog to come into close contact with the human body is fraught with the greatest physical evils. The cleanest dog in the world is not without this objection. It cannot be. A dog's nose should never be allowed to touch any part of the human skin. The most casual observance of a dog's habits will show the reasons for this. In fact, from whatever standpoint one chooses to look at the matter—from that of cleanliness, health or bodily danger—the practice of petting dogs with close embraces of any sort is a positive wrong. Women cannot be too careful about this, either as the practice affects themselves or, if they are mothers, their children. We can be fond of our dogs—many of them deserve human affection—but we should bestow this fondness upon them with a little careful regard for common sense. One point, of all others, cannot be too carefully regarded—the face should never be brought into close contact with a dog. A sense of cleanliness alone should forbid this, even if positive danger did not lurk in the practice."

Tea Drinking Peoples.

The relative quantity of tea consumed by various nations is an interesting subject. Excluding China and Japan, which produce their own and furnish no statistics, the Anglo-Saxon race is far ahead of all others. The English speaking peoples—that is, Great Britain, with her colonies, and the United States—account for four-fifths of the whole world's consumption, and Great Britain alone takes one-half of the total amount. The English drinks much tea in the aggregate as all the other civilized countries put together, though not so much per head as some of England's colonies. The United States comes next, with less than half the quantity, and then Russia, with about one-third. The only other Europeans who take anything worth mentioning in proportion to the population are the Dutch, and their taste for it is no doubt due to the fact that they have their own plantations in Java.—New York Ledger.

Their Range of Talk.

The late Challemeil Lacour, the French statesman, used to tell a story about Schopenhauer, the German philosopher, whom he greatly admired. He had an appointment with him one day at a Frankfurt hotel and found him just finishing dinner at the table d'hôte. There were several officers at the table, and in front of Schopenhauer lay a goldpiece. He said to the Frenchman as he arose and put the coin into his pocket: "I have had this goldpiece on the table every evening for a month, having made up my mind to give it to the poor the first time these officers here spoke on some other topic at table besides promotion, horses or women. I have the money still."

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A Mother's Refrain.

BY F. A. NOBLE, D. D.

Daisy fair, with golden hair;
Grace of movement like the swing
Blossoms catch in June days rare;
Rosy cheeks with perfect line;
Eyes soft glancing here and there;
This shall be the note to ring,
You are mine—You are mine;
This shall be the song I sing,
You are mine—You are mine,
Daisy mild, the sweetest child
That to mother's neck doth cling;
Nothing in thee harsh and wild;
Much that's passing rare and fine;
In thy spirit undefiled;
This shall be the note to ring,
You are mine—You are mine;
This shall be the song I sing,
You are mine—You are mine.
—The Advance.

The last days of the year are not usually days of unalloyed pleasure to those who have passed beyond early youth.

There is too much of retrospect, and memory is never so busy as during the holidays with which the year is fittingly crowned.

Perhaps it is well that even the most thoughtless are required to pause for a moment and look back over the months that seemed so long as we viewed them on January first, and yet are all too short from the standpoint of the last day of December.

What plans we formed; how many good resolutions we made which have never been realized. We could make ourselves quite unhappy as we reflect on the "might have beens," and the wisest course is to heed the words of Longfellow.

"Look not mournfully into the past, it comes not back again. Wisely improve the present, it is thine. Go forth to meet the shadowy future without fear and with a manly heart."

Lest that last adjective should seem to render this advice unfit for our sex I hasten to remark that it need not, for in time of trial woman's courage has never fallen below that of man.

But together with the inevitable sadness which the thought of wasted opportunities brings to us, there are many pleasant recollections which in themselves are enough to make us remember happily the good old year to which we are now saying farewell.

When the year was new the short, dark days were ended, and each new one added a little to our scanty store of sunlight. Many of us who were "shut ins" looked longingly forward to spring, but it is a poor heart that cannot rejoice with others, and as the rosy-cheeked children tripped by with skates or sleds, and as the older ones flew past to the merry jingle of sleigh bells, or on trusty snowshoes tramped gaily over drifts and fences as if on bare ground, we would not have abridged by one single hour their winter pleasures.

But "patient waiters are no losers" and how lovely was each sign of returning spring let memory answer. Summer with all its sweetness, bringing back to us dear friends; the happy, peaceful hours laden with returning strength, the bountiful Autumn, and finally the happy re-unions of Thanksgiving and Christmas. Are not all these memories to be thankful for?

And through it all runs the golden cord of love on which, as a child carelessly threads its beads, are strung the days, dark or light as they chanced to come, but ever slipping apart to show the gold between them.

Thank heaven for love. Failures there may have been, but love, the earthly type of that which came so many centuries since to bless our world, overlooks them. "Many waters cannot quench love," and it is this, and only this, by whose light we hope to retrieve our mistakes, and make of the coming days all that we mean when we wish each other a "Happy New Year."

Rich gift of God! A year of time!
What pomp of rise and shut of day,
What hues wherewith our northern clime
Makes autumn's dropping woodlands gay,
What airs outblown from ferny dells,
And clover bloom and sweetbrier smells,
What songs of brooks and birds,
What fruits and flowers,
Green woods and moonlit snows,
Have in their rounds been ours!
—Whittier.

Postage on Wedding Cake.

"Do tell me about Nell's wedding," said the girl in the crash suit. "Did it all go off well? And how?"

"Oh, beautifully!" cried the girl in the white frock. "My dress was perfectly lovely, my gloves were an ideal fit and my hair kept its curl as well as if I was only attending an old maid's tea party."

"How nice. But tell me about Nell; was she?"

"She was horrid. Actually wanted me to help her dress for the ceremony—as if I hadn't my bridesmaid's toilet to think of! I am afraid that dear Nell is too selfish to make a really good wife."

"Then she will naturally have an unselfish husband, dear."

"Perhaps so. Oh, it was delightful to walk up the aisle feeling that every eye was fixed on!"

"Yes, I know. But tell me, how did Nell get through the ceremony?"

"I really don't know. My mind was full of the one awful thought that I was standing with my back to all those people while there was no telling but that my gown was crumpled after that long drive to the church!"

"Oh, probably it was all right. Was Nell's gown?"

"And wasn't it too bad that Harold was out of town and unable to see me in my lovely new dress?"

"Oh, well, you can send him a photograph."

"Not unless he apologizes!"

"For what—going away? But then even an engaged man must attend to business."

"It wasn't only that; it was his subsequent behavior. You see I wanted him to share some of the festivities, so I sent him a box of wedding cake. You should have seen the letter I got in return."

"But perhaps it disagreed with him."

"It wasn't that. You know, I thought it would be nice to write him a sweet little note and slip it in the bottom of the cake box, so that when he had eaten it all he would have a pleasant surprise."

"Good gracious, do you mean to say that you gave the box away and never knew?"

"No, I don't. The—well, the truth is that these horrid mean post office employees actually opened the box and found the note! Oh, how I do despise such prying inquisitiveness! Not satisfied with that, they!"

"Goodness, can—can they send you to jail for violating the postal laws?"

"No, they can't. But they actually made Harold pay letter postage on the box before they would give it to him! Four square inches of wedding cake cost him just \$1.50, and now he—he says that he is afraid that I am a not economical enough to make a good wife for a poor man! After I had put the note in the box to save extra postage, too!"—Chicago Times-Herald.

Housework Cure.

In her article on "The Lady who does her own Work," Mrs. Stowe dwells on the value of housework in giving the very healthiest form of exercise, and for the average woman shows it to be far preferable to the work of the masseurs, who, even in those days, more than thirty years ago, seem to have found plenty of patients. "Would it not be quite as cheerful and less expensive a process," she asks, "if young girls from early life developed the muscles in sweeping, dusting, ironing, rubbing furniture, and all the multiplied domestic processes which our grandmothers knew of?" and then adds: "I will venture to say that our grandmothers in a week went over every movement that any gymnast has invented, and went over them to some productive purpose, too. Here is a hint that women with thin arms would do well to take. It is said to be a fact that Clara Louise Kellogg, the singer, when a young girl, was much annoyed by the attenuated appearance of her arms when she began to don evening dress at her crowded concerts. Some one recommended the brisk use of the broom, which advice she followed, and soon had a round, plump member as the reward of her labor. If a thin, listless girl, with a dull eye and stare, can by any means be persuaded to try the "broom cure," she will be astonished to find what a beautifier it really is.

When making down pillows, wax the inner covering, and then the down will not be able to work through the two covers. To do this, iron the wrong side of the tick with a hot flatiron rubbed with beeswax, rubbing the iron over the wax each time before putting it on the cloth.

Tommy had been suffering from a lame back for a day or two and his mother bought a porous plaster for the same and prepared to adjust it. As the eye of little Mabel fell upon the punctured square she exclaimed: "Oh, mamma! what are all the holes for?"

"I know," interjected Tommy; they're for letting the pain out."—Richmond Dispatch.

There is no necessity for standing out in the cold while pinning the tedious collars and cuffs to the line. Take a long strip of muslin, hem it and sew buttons along one side, on which to button the collars and cuffs. The buttons should be from two to three inches apart all along the muslin; shake the cuffs and collars and fasten them by the buttonholes to this line of buttons, and the strip can simply be pinned on the line, with no danger of these small articles being soiled by dropping to the ground.

Apropos of addresses, a very sensible new fashion, which has not yet become general but may do so when people realize its use, is to have the address stamped on the flap of the envelope. The postoffice authorities are always telling us that much trouble would be saved if there were an address on every envelope, to which the letter could be returned, and this new fashion settles the question without disfiguring the envelope.

CLEANING OSTRICH FEATHERS.

To clean white ostrich feathers, cut some pure white soap into small pieces and pour boiling water on them and add a little mite of soda. When the soap is dissolved and the water cool enough, dip the feathers in and draw them through the hand. Do this several times until the lather is dirty; then make a clean lather and repeat the operation. Afterward rinse the feathers in cold water, slightly blued. Pat the feathers between the hands and shake them over the fire until they are perfectly dry. Curl them by drawing each fibre between the thumb and the dull edge of a silver knife. With a little care and patience the result will be all that can be desired.

The Winter Shirtwaist.

It is a day of inventions when woman's comforts are concerned, and the latest proof of it is the winter shirtwaist.

It scarcely seemed possible that anything so wholly satisfying as the summer waist should be cast aside for at least six months of the year, but a good many seasons went by before the summer girl chanced to think about the winter shirtwaist. However, it is here at last, and its enthusiastic welcome shows how much it was needed. It is made of flannel, usually has simply a band at the neck and sleeves for the adjustment of stiff collar and cuffs, is loosely comfortable, like its cooler sister, and has a belt of leather, kid or whatever may suit the fancy of the wearer.

MUFFINS.

One-half cup sugar, one cup milk, two tablespoonfuls of butter, one egg, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Make a batter a little thicker than for fritters, pour into hot gem pans and bake for half an hour in a hot oven.

Portland. MISS LOUISE HUNT.

BAKED INDIAN PUDDING.

Add one small cup molasses and five tablespoonfuls of corn meal to one quart of fresh scalded milk. Melt a piece of butter the size of an egg, in a pudding dish and pour in the mixture adding spice as preferred. If whey is liked, add a cup of cold milk to the pudding as soon as it begins to cook. Bake in a moderate oven and serve hot.

Lewiston Journal.

RICE CROQUETTES.

Boil one cup of well washed rice in four cups of boiling water for half an hour. Drain it, add to it half a cup of milk, one tablespoonful of butter, one of sugar, half a teaspoonful of salt and a grating of nutmeg. When this mixture boils, stir in rapidly one egg and set it away to cool. When cold, shape, dip in beaten egg, then in bread crumbs, and fry three minutes in hot fat.

EGG SANDWICHES.

Boil fresh eggs hard, plunge into cold water, peel and chop the whites very fine, mash the yolks smooth with a little vinegar, salt and mustard, mix with the whites and spread between buttered slices of bread.

No bread should be used for sandwiches that is not at least 24 hours old, or it will not cut well. Bread two days old is still better. Be careful that it does not get too light so that it is crumbly, if you desire your sandwiches to be perfect.

All sandwiches except lettuce can be made in the morning or at noon for any evening gathering if they are covered with a towel wrung out of cold water and then with a plate, so they will keep moist.

A French cook says that when raw potatoes are to be cut into long strips to be fried in boiling fat, if the potatoes are cut a quarter of an inch in thickness and slantingwise they will cook better and be more puffy.

CANNED SALMON.

Salmon is one of the emergency meats with us. It admits of a variety in the manner of serving. If to be served hot, place the can in hot water for a few minutes before opening. Turn out on a platter, remove bones and simply serve with salt and pepper or pour over it a drawn butter gravy made by mixing smoothly together, in a saucepan, over the fire, a tablespoonful of flour and one of butter. Add water; when it boils it should be of the consistency of thick, sweet cream. It may be served cold with salt, pepper and vinegar or with slices of lemon.

MARY S. STETSON.

OLD VIRGINIA BATTER BREAD.

In a bowl put one cup of sifted yellow corn meal, one tablespoonful of lard and one tablespoonful of salt, a pinch of soda. Pour boiling water over all and stir until you have a nice mush; now beat in two eggs. Thin with one cup of sweet milk and bake in a hot oven half an hour. Use a pudding dish to bake in.—Detroit Free Press.

Rangeley Lakes

Published every Thursday morning; by the

Rangeley Lakes Publishing Company,

HARRY P. DILL and ELLIOTT C. DILL.

Editors and Proprietors

Entered at the Rangeley (Maine) Post-Office
as Second Class Matter.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, \$1.00 Per Year
In Advance.

Devoted to the Interests of the Whole
Rangeley Lakes Region.

ADVERTISING Rates Reasonable, and will
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RANGELEY LAKES, Rangeley, Me.

RANGELEY, ME., THURSDAY, Dec. 31, 1896.

A "veterinary horse doctor" is the latest professional announcement. He "hangs out" in Kennebec county.

The Further Game Legislation.

The legislative committee of the Maine Sportsmen's Fish and Game Association, after a two day's meeting held in Augusta, urges the following important recommendations to be brought before the legislature for the protection of game: Open season for deer and game birds, extended from Sept. 15 to Nov. 15, moose and caribou, open season from Oct. 15 to Nov. 15; killing moose or caribou out of season, punished by imprisonment. Guides shall be licensed at a nominal fee. All hunters employing others shall be subjected to a fine. No dogs shall be taken into the hunting regions.—*Lewiston Journal*.

The proposed changes in the laws so far as they relate to game are all right, but the guides of the Rangeley region will protest against a license and in this they will be backed by every sportsman who comes to the state. The proposal to fine sportsman who employ a guide that has no license will, as pointed out by RANGELEY LAKES two weeks ago, result in sending sportsmen to some other section. Still that's no reason to be scared, such a foolish recommendation has not yet been made a law, but the guides all over Maine should at once organize themselves into Associations as has been done in Rangeley and then take measures to form a State Association. The sooner they get at it the better. Such proposed legislation will unite the guides more than any other move and unless we mistake the feelings of the guides about this place, every one of them will now join the Rangeley Lakes Guides' Association. A special meeting should be called at once for there is missionary work ahead.

The Waterville Mail says: "The gang of Italian laborers that have been working on the water works system at Phillips have finished their labors. A correspondent of the Farmington Chronicle says, they are great diggers and regularly send their earnings home to their families in Italy. And that is just the reason why they shouldn't be allowed to come to this country and with pay less than American laborer could subsist on, manage to save a good share of it to send home to Italy. It might cost a little more to secure public improvement by the employment of American laborers but the money they earned would be expended here. The money sent to Italy doesn't do the citizens of this country much good."

There seems to be a demand for a change in our immigration laws, greater restrictions are called for and they must be made. The societies that are organizing are being founded on American ideas,

notably the Junior order of American Mechanics; one of its fundamental principles being, we are informed, the employment of American labor in preference to foreign. The closing paragraph in the article of the Mail: "The money sent to Italy doesn't do the citizens of this country much good," is a true statement, it is an injury to this country; much of the money being sent to pay the steamer fares on another lot of pauper laborers to cover the United States. "Protect our industries against the pauper labor of Europe" has been a great political war cry in past campaigns, let it now be changed to "Protect our working men against the pauper laborers of Europe."

Phillips Locals.

Ernest Butler is home from Bar Harbor, where he has been teaching.

The Christmas tree and entertainment at the Grange Hall, Thursday evening, was very pleasant, but the cold weather prevented those from outside coming in. A short program was given, consisting of readings, recitations and singing.

The King's Daughters in accordance with their custom for several years purchased a large quantity of cut flowers which they made into bouquets and took to all the sick people, in the vicinity, on Christmas morning. The custom is a beautiful one, and Christmas Day is made brighter in some 25 houses through this thoughtful kindness of this band of workers.

Chester Greenwood, of Farmington, was in town Saturday.

The stock holders meeting of the Sandy River Telegraph Co. called for last Saturday, adjourned for one week to meet at Farmington at the office of F. W. Butler.

The sale of Christmas goods was fairly good, but not equal to former years.

Miss DeMott, of Rockland, came last week to spend the winter with her parents.

Chas. E. Berry was on the committee of Subordinate Granges at the State Grange held in Augusta recently.

C. M. Davis is in town visiting his parents.

It is somewhat odd that although the Congregational church in this place has been re-organized for over a dozen years, the present pastor is the first to bring his family with him. All of the former pastors, with the exception of Mr. Wheelwright, who was a widower, have been bachelors.

Three-fourths of the books recently ordered for the public library have come and will soon be ready for use.

The King's Daughters had the pleasure on Friday, of carrying to those who by reason of age or ill-health are shut in, a Christmas greeting in the form of fragrant flowers.

Fred Dunham, wife and son, Mr. and Mrs. Moses Harden and sons, Don and Guy, took Christmas dinner with Rand Harden and family.

The Young Men's Sunday Club had their regular meeting at Union church, with a very good attendance. The program consisted of overture, organ, violin, flute and trombone, solos by Miss Cora Wheeler and Mrs. Cony Allen, singing by the quartette, responsive reading with a short address by the pastor, Rev. Mr. DeMott. It was arranged as a service for the New Year.

Mr. Hutchins of Carthage, has moved into Mrs. Blanchard's house at the upper village and will run the big saw at Larabee's mill this winter.

Mr. Eben Hanscom lost a valuable four years old colt one day last week.

Mr. Henry Butterfield was quite badly hurt recently by being hit in the face by a cow's horn which he was endeavoring to tie up.

Ernest York cut his foot badly while chopping wood one day last week.

A hearing before J. H. Thompson, Esq., of Farmington, has been held at the office of B. E. Pratt, Esq., in an action brought by Geo. H. Moores, of Madrid, against the estate of the late J. F. Prescott and A. J. Haley, of Farmington, to recover a sum said to be due him for use of mill. Pratt for plaintiff, Hon. J. C. Holman for defence. Miss Abbie Pulsifer, of Portland, is stenographer. The decision is reserved.

It was a bright three year's old who wanted the fire all taken out of the Franklin stove on Christmas eve so that Santa Claus should not be burned.

Miss Nellie Adams of Avon, is ill with typhoid fever.

Arthur Kennedy of Weld was in town the first of the week.

Miss Faye Haines is out after a two week's confinement to the house.

Ben. Whittemore is having fine weather for securing his ice.

Hescock & Atwood have just put in new machinery for filling the beams in their looms with woolen warp. They are now making a nice all-wool cloth for men's wear, double width. If you believe in patronizing home industries here is a chance to give them a trial.

John Phillips, of Skowegan, is visiting his mother and sister.

A. S. Pratt is home again on an extended stop, having finished his work in Lewiston.

Mrs. E. P. McCard, of Rangeley, was in town Monday.

Dr. F. H. Russell, of Farmington, was in town the first of the week.

This fine weather has seen many loads of wood, poplar, birch, and cordwood, brought to town.

Christmas Entertainment.

The Christmas entertainment at Lambert Hall, Friday evening under the auspices of the Methodist Sabbath school, of Phillips, was a great success. The hall was well filled and all were well pleased.

It was an innovation on the former exhibitions being, a Cantata, entitled Santa Claus and Uncle Sam. The cast of characters were given last week, though Mr. Austin, who was cast for Uncle Sam, was unable, owing to illness, to take the part and Abner Hinkley was substituted and did very nicely considering the short notice he had. It is impossible to particularise each character, there were too many of them for that. Each did his or her part well and merit a special word which space will not permit. Mr. Noble as the railroad porter and as Santa Claus was fine. The various delegates to Santa Claus' land were amusing, especially the old mammy and her host of pickaninnies. The Indian make up of Guy Everett was perfect. A "big chief" from the plains could not have equalled him.

Many of the songs were rendered in excellent manner. The English dude of Alden Blanchard and his song and that of the Chinaman of De Berna Ross, were takers and received encores, in which were introduced localisms.

The closing scene consisted of a flag drill by four young ladies dressed in white, while America was sung by the chorus, behind the scenes.

The two trees were fairly well filled and nearly everyone present received a remembrance of the day.

Miss Daisy Dill was accompanist.

THE BLIND SEE!

HAPPY CHRISTMASIDE IN ALBERT HALEY'S HOUSEHOLD.

This happy time is caused by the fact that their little three years old daughter Nellie is regaining her eyesight, and the prospect is good that her sight will be fully regained ere long. Mr. and Mrs. Haley live in the Cutler house—next south of the Little Blue grounds. Their little daughter was born blind and has remained so till the past week: she has only been able to walk around the house when hold-

ing her parent's hand or by taking hold of a chair and pushing it along.

One day the past week little Nellie surprised her mother by walking alone across and around the room. The next morning she exclaimed "Oh! Mamma, I can see!" and the little girl was so excited that she could eat no breakfast. Nellie can now discern large objects, such as the stove, a table, her parents, etc., and plays hide and seek with her papa. Her sight is not clear as yet, though their physician tells them she will undoubtedly fully regain it.—*Farmington Chronicle*.

Various Amendments Proposed by Commissioner Carleton in Regard to Game Laws.

Hon. L. T. Carleton, chairman of the board of inland fisheries and game, has just completed a table involving a very great amount of careful study and weeks of labor—the codification and consolidation of all the laws relating to inland fisheries and game, with such amendments as it is proposed to ask the legislature to enact into laws, many glaring defects and contradictory enactments are said to have been found.

The changes which it is proposed ask are as follows: A 48 hours open weekly time for salmon on the Penobscot, Kennebec, Androscoggin and St. Croix rivers, the law at present applies to all rivers of the State with the exceptions of these. A reduction from 25 to 15 pounds of trout and salmon that may be caught in one day or transported at any one time, making close time on landlocked salmon and trout commence the 15th of September all over the State, such has been the law in Kennebec county for many years.

A new section is added making a perpetual close time on all tributaries to all lakes and ponds, that have been or may hereafter be restocked with trout or stocked with landlocked salmon, and the commissioners shall post notices on these tributaries. The bounty on bears is recommended to be repealed.

Absolute imprisonment of not less than 30 nor more than 90 days for the illegal hunting or killing of moose and caribou, perpetual close time on cow and calf moose, and the month of November only in which to hunt bull moose.

In the transportation of moose full evidence attached of the sex of the bull moose, shall accompany it during transportation.

Market men and provision dealers having an established place of business in this state may have one bull moose, one caribou and two deer or parts thereof at a time for sale at retail to their local customers provided they have procured a license therefor from the commissioners, and if any such marketman violates the law in this respect, he shall be debarred for five years from the privileges of this section.

Guides are required to be licensed as well as keepers of hunting lodges, camps, etc.

Dogs are not to be taken to or kept in these places without special permit from the commissioners.

The number of partridges and woodcock that can be killed or had in possession at one time would begin Sept. 15 and close Dec. 1.

Mr. Carleton says he does not flatter himself that his proposed amendments will meet with universal favor, but he suggests them thus early, so that the public may have time to study them, judge of their merits, make objections, suggestions, additions or alterations to the end that all those truly interested in the proper enforcement of the fish and game laws, the preservation of the big game and the propagation of fish, may agree upon what is desirable in advance of the meeting of the Legislature, so that whatever changes are asked for will have the united support of all who are truly interested in the subject matter.

This is the last day to do any hunting for big game in the year 1896. We wish you a Happy New Year.

Rangeley Lakes Guides' Association

Organized Nov. 7, 1896.

JAMES MATHIESON, President.

FREEMAN TIBBETTS, Vice President.

ARTHUR L. OAKES, Secretary.

GEORGE OAKES, Treasurer.

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EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

ELMER SNOWMAN

AARON SOULE.

FRANK NILE.

"The object of this Association shall be to protect and aid in the propagation of fish and game; to secure wise and practical legislation on all matters pertaining to the interests of the fish and game in the waters and forests known as the 'Rangeley Lakes region;' to secure good reliable guides for sportsmen and tourists, to regulate a uniform rate of wages for guides belonging to this association.

"Rangeley Lakes" the Official Organ.

Enchanted Deer No 2.

There seems to be a rival to the charmed doe that exists in this county. Editor Blanding of the Industrial Journal after using one story, published a few weeks ago, relates his own experiences in hunting one of these mysterious creatures, near Phillips Lake, about ten miles from Bangor.

"Among the deer abounding there is a doe that has been a resident of that section for many years. There is not a hunter in all that region who has not had one or more encounters with her. In some instances excellent marksmen have fired under favorable conditions six or seven shots at her at a time, and yet she has retired from the fusillades unscathed. This individual doe is a leviathan in size, one hunter who made her acquaintance under circumstances admitting of a good inspection asserting she measures fully eleven feet in length. This trip was made before the advent of the snow and the ground being wet from recent rains deer tracks could be readily detected. It is but a short stroll from the Thompson house to the forest depths, and soon evidences of deer were seen. In fact the tracks were very numerous and following one of the freshest trails it led to the summit of Clarry Mountain. Upon reaching the summit it was impossible to trace the tracks further but signs of deer were frequently seen, and finally on the easterly peak the big game was encountered. The deer, comprising a doe and two big lambs, early detected our presence in that vicinity and no sooner had we loomed in view than they were on the jump. The doe was a tremendous big animal, resembling rather more a caribou than a deer because of her large size, and was at once recognized by Mr. Thompson as the mysterious doe whose charmed life has for years been a tradition among the hunters of Hancock and Penobscot counties. My guide and myself each fired and although the target was a moveable one we should probably have brought down our game had it not been that she seems fated to die of old age. It was rather my expectation that she would be obliged to go to the right where I should have another and better shot, but instead she leaped precipitously down the mountain side from twenty to twenty-five feet, and before we could make the circuitous route necessary to descend the rugged cliffs the doe and her family were far away. Their tracks were plainly seen and for a mile and a half or so we followed the trail, but it becoming dark the chase was abandoned.

At a somewhat latter period, in fact one day last week, after the ground was covered with the first fall of snow, the editor again visited that vicinity. There was sufficient crust to make successful still

hunting difficult, if not impossible, the noise made in walking through the snow being heard a long distance away. A small meadow surrounded by woods is one of the favorite resorts of deer there and investigation disclosed the tracks of three deer leading into the meadow, one set of tracks being so large as to indicate they were of those of our old acquaintance, the famous doe. A tour completely around the meadow disclosed only one small track leading out therefrom and therefore the presumption was that there must be at least two deer in the meadow at that time. The several members of our party established themselves at eligible points on the usual runways while a boy with a horn followed the deer trail down the meadow. The blast of the trumpet was echoed and re-echoed throughout the wooded fastness and the several hunters, all expectant and with the trusty rifle in hand, stood motionless at their posts.

The temperature was in the vicinity of zero and yet the sportsmen remained stationary, determined to do nothing to frighten away their game, which all felt must be near at hand. Notwithstanding they did not as some mighty hunters are reported to have done under somewhat the same circumstances, viz: build a bonfire on the runway so as to keep warm. The boy covered the entire meadow without discovering anything and later one of the men of the party explored the territory thoroughly, nothing being discovered other than where the snow had been much trampled down and also where animals had reclined. In fact they could not be found in the meadow and furthermore another complete tour of the territory again disclosed no track where they had left the meadow.

The old doe, Hancock county's enchanted deer, had again escaped, but how is only a matter of conjecture. The only plausible theory thus far devised is that when the trumpet's blast was sounded she may have taken to a small brook and following this for some distance, thus left no tracks behind. The only explanation offered by anyone is that the sly old critter climbed a tree.

Commissioner Stanley has written to Elmer Snowman that the State will send 125,000 trout and salmon eggs for the hatchery at this place.

Natt Carr and Jim Wilcox started for their camp up the Cupsuptic, Wednesday. They have about 50 traps set and expect to find them covered with snow.

Attention! Guides!

There will be a special meeting of the Guides' Association next Saturday evening at Furbish Hall, at 7.30 o'clock. Business of importance is to come before the members.

Some Good Moose Stories.

Since the visiting hunters have stopped coming so fast the guides have had more leisure to loaf around the hotels and stores, and new tales of adventure in the woods are coming to the front every day. Last September the Sun contained a story telling how Joseph Steirs, a young sportsman from Providence, R. I., paddled his canoe alongside of some moose that were feeding among the lily pads in Ripogenus lake. By putting a jacklight in the bow of his canoe he succeeded in placing his hands on the flanks of two moose and buckling a leather strap around the body of the third. While he was trying to place a strap on another moose the animal got frightened and tipped the canoe over, spilling Steirs and his guide into the water. Last week Frank Harlow, a guide who is also employed on a small steamboat owned by Frank Wesson, the revolver maker, of Springfield, Mass., shot a moose at Loon lake that had a leather strap buckled around its body back of the fore-shoulders. Though he is not sure, he believes it is the same moose which Mr. Steirs met on Ripogenus.

Everybody who knows Charles Anance, the guide, who stops about Moosehead lake, has heard him tell his adventure with a cow moose whose calf had been killed by a bob cat. She came out to Anance's camp and hung about for several days, bellowing and making heart-breaking outcries for her dead calf. One night when she was drinking from the lake Anance went up to her and put his hand upon her side. Instead of jumping away, as Anance had expected, she looked at him for a moment, and sticking out her big nose, licked his hand with her rough tongue.

"She deed eet jus' lek me calf," said Anance, when he told of it to the fishermen in his camp.

Of course the anglers did not believe him, and geyed him so much about his adventure that he got mad and offered to bet \$5 that he would go up to that cow moose and milk her while she was drinking. The money was put up, and the next morning Anance took a can and went out and got more than a quart of moose milk. Anance says the moose not only licked him with him with her tongue while he was milking her, but actually shed tears of gratitude. There are people who have doubted this story, but they have kept their opinions to themselves until they were far away from Anance, because he is a stout young man and quick-tempered.

Other strange tales about the ways of moose are told in camp. Last summer John Gerrish saw a four-year-old bull moose swimming in Elbow lake, a few rods above North Twin dam. Sending to the camp for a stout line he got into a canoe and kept the moose from landing until he had placed a slip noose over its head and drawn it up about its neck. Then he swam the moose about in the lake until it was tired, and led it ashore the way he would a cow. Gerrish kept it in a log pound for a month, and did not liberate it until a game warden told him he would be liable to a fine of \$100 and costs for keeping a moose in close time.

The animal stayed near by in the woods all summer, and was shot early in October by a New York hunter who came down for game. Two years ago Fred Wing, who was running a hotel at Molunkus, found a pair of young moose in the woods that had lost their mother. He put them into the hotel stable and fed them on cow's milk until they were as tame as lambs. When a game warden informed Wing he would have to pay \$200 for keeping two moose in captivity, he pulled down their pen and let them run at large. Though they had the freedom of the woods, they came to the stable every night for shelter. In August, he sent them to Bangor, and they were on exhibition at the fair. Later he paid a \$200 fine for his captive moose and sent them to

the Maine fair at Lewiston, where they earned him nearly \$1,000. As he was about to carry them to Massachusetts and show them at the fairs, Austin Corbin's agent came along and bought them for the preserve at Newport, N. H.

Four years ago next February Ben York of Milinocket was fishing through the ice of Milinocket lake for pickerel when he saw four large animals coming down the lake with the wind. As they drew near he saw they were caribou, and, having no weapon but an ice chisel, he expected they would gore and trample him to death. Standing rigidly erect, he awaited their oncoming with much uneasiness. They stopped about a rod away from him, and one came up and nosed him over, licking his coat with its tongue. After this the one that had made the investigation went back to its companions and all trotted off down the lake. Mr. York believes that moose and caribou while they are endowed with a keen sense of smell, are very near-sighted. So when they approach a man from the windward side, they cannot tell what manner of animal he is until they smell of him. When he has been to the leeward of moose, he has had these animals come up within a rod of him before taking alarm. Mr. York is 70 years old, and has spent his life in the woods. In all of his experiences he has never known a moose to attack a man unless the moose had been wounded. —New York Sun.

The Dago and How He Lives.

Luther Toothaker, of Phillips, in speaking of the Italians that were employed in building the Phillips & Rangeley railroad gives RANGELEY LAKES an insight into their manner of living. They had a bakery on the opposite side of the river from his home; he was there frequently and witnessed the mixing and cooking of the bread and also the manufacturing of macaroni that was carried on.

The bread was simply mixed with water and baked; the cheapest kind of flour being used, and came from the oven "hard as a rock and such stuff a yankee would not throw at a dog much less feed him on." This was sent to the gangs all along the line. The macaroni was worked over and "pulled" much as you would pull candy and hung on the fences to dry along side of the washing and perhaps the two occupying the same space at time. This "delecacy" was also sent to the various camps.

When the dinner hour came the dagos would seek their loaf of bread, having rolled it up in a jacket, tied it in a bandana, hung it on a bush or tucked it under a rock, and each one before eating would gather a handful of weeds, that cattle or hogs would not touch, and the repast began. Bread and weeds, a mouthful of the former seasoned with the latter.

The supper varied, if they were in camp, during the day every frog that came their way was captured, and taken to the shanty; a tin can of fat or grease was put on the fire to heat and into this the frogs were dropped, just as they had been killed neither skinned nor cleaned, after frying a few moments they were eaten with great gusto.

Such creatures as these would fatten on the crumbs that are thrown from even a poor man's table.

James Mathieson returned from his home in Canada, Tuesday night. He reports a very enjoyable time.

Billy Soule began to get the ice in for his Pleasant Island Camps Wednesday morning.

Rangeley Lake House Extension.

The outside work on the extension of the hotel is nearly completed and the finishings on the inside will soon be put on. One of the features of this addition is a large dance hall provided with one of the best floors obtainable and the guests will no doubt enjoy themselves next season, "tripping the light fantastic toe."

OLD SAINT NICK.

Made His Annual Visit to People in Washington.

[Special Correspondence of RANGELEY LAKES]

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 29.—Good old Saint Nick has the call this week, in society as well as everywhere else. Christmas is enough for a single week, seems to have been the general idea. Consequently, with the exception of several large dinner parties, among them those given by the Spanish Minister and Mme. Dupuy de Lome, and by the Brazilian Minister and Mme. de Mendonca, there have been no notable entertainments, unless the gatherings in the big stores, which have included everybody from Mrs. Cleveland down to the humblest kitchen scullion, all intent upon buying something that will give some loved one pleasure, may be considered in that light. Personally, I don't know where you can get better entertainment than by circulating among the big crowd of Christmas shoppers, provided you are of an observant nature and do not object to getting a little pathos along with your fun.

Olive Logan—it seems ridiculous to prefix it with Mrs.—lectured before the Travel Club this week on "How to Write for the Press," furnishing her own illustrations on a black board. She certainly ought to know something about that subject, as she was about the first woman to become a successful journalist, and she succeeded in pleasing such exacting editors as the elder Bennett and Horace Greeley, in America, and Edmund Yates, in London. For many years the European letters signed "Olive Logan" were among our most widely copied newspaper articles. For several years past Mrs. Logan's pen has been less active, although she still writes what some alleged women journalists would call "a whole lot." She likes making little talks about her experiences to clubs and literary organizations and it is probably just as remunerative as writing. She has lost none of her staunch Americanism by her long residence abroad, and although no longer young is still a fine looking woman.

The Bonaparte wedding that is to take place in Washington next week, while not so intimately connected with the affairs of Europe as was that of Betsy Patterson to Jerome Bonaparte, in 1803, is still a matter of public interest. The bride-elect is a granddaughter of Jerome Bonaparte and a descendent of Daniel Webster on her mother's side, and the groom-elect who arrived in Washington this week, is Count Adam de Moltke Huitfeldt, a member of one of Denmark's most prominent families. It was originally intended to make this marriage an elaborate affair that would have caused Miss Louise Eugenie Bonaparte—named in honor of the late Emperor and Empress of France—to have been long remembered in Washington, but the recent death of the father of Count Moltke, who was at the time of his death Danish Ambassador to Paris, stopped all preparations, and the marriage is to be very quiet, not more than one hundred invitations having been sent out to attend the church and none outside of the families to the wedding breakfast that is to follow, at the Bonaparte residence on K street.

There is a new fad among the women bicyclists of Washington and it appears to be spreading with the rapidity of bad news. It is ugly enough to lose every mother's daughter who follows it her best fellow, but of course, it won't. The fad is the wearing of men's golf stockings with their ugly, clumsy and ungraceful turn-over tops, and those I have seen on girls were the very ugliest and most conspicuous in color of their kind. It has been said that the golf stocking owes its existence to the spindle-shanked men who wanted to wear knickerbockers, but were afraid until those stockings enabled them to make a showing where their calves ought to be, but anybody who couldn't

detect the cheat a square away wouldn't know the difference between a square piano leg and that of a Venus de Milo. I would advise any girl who thinks of adopting this fad to wear long skirts and put lead in the hem, in order to hide the hideous golf stockings.

Nowadays nobody doubts that advertising is a good thing, but that one can get too much of even so good a thing as advertising was shown by an episode in the life of a gentleman who is now visiting Washington. This gentleman was once upon a time nominated by the President to be U. S. Ambassador to Italy, and the nomination would have been confirmed all right if a newspaper man had not found out that the would-be diplomat, or some of his friends, had been indiscreet enough to couple the fact of his having given a trifle of \$50,000 to the campaign fund upon an implied understanding that he should be made Ambassador. The newspapers didn't charge him a cent for advertising that and it was soon being discussed from the Atlantic to the Pacific and rather than take the risk of a rejection the over-advertised man requested the President to withdraw the nomination, and thus the incident was closed. His name is J. J. Van Alen, and he calls Newport his home. He is rich, and has a tired look.

WOMEN IN SWITZERLAND.

As They Are Seen In the Hayfields—Supporters of Families.

We saw women hay carriers in the Val de Bregaglia. The hay is carried in a huge basket, adjusted to the back by a leather strap over the shoulders. As they walk, painfully stooped under these great burdens, they look like moving stacks. Sometimes the hay is carried in great squares of canvas, tied at the four corners. Young children are bowed and prematurely aged by the bearing of these weights on neck and head, when their strength is so little commensurate to the task.

Most of the hay harvesting in the Engadine is done by Italians, who swarm over the Alps to obtain summer employment. But Swiss women also are sadly aged and stiffened and rendered prematurely ugly by field labor. Go where you may in the mountains, most of the hard work seems to be performed by the weaker half of creation. No animal in lovely Switzerland is more hardly treated, with the exception of the dog. To be sure, a woman is often harnessed with a dog to a heavy cart, while another woman pushes from behind, but I have never seen the woman lie down in the dust and pant from exhaustion, with the tongue hanging from the mouth, as I have often seen the dog do. Manifestly, the dog is still undermost in the competition of woman with the lower animals.

It is a pretty sight to see maidens tossing hay in the bright green valleys, under snow peaks, where waterfalls stream from the rocks and glad torrents rush over their pebbly beds, but the hideous fact of woman's enslavement to labor too hard for her strength is hidden under the smiling tableau. Some who shudder at the thought of a woman dropping a ballot into a voting urn can look calmly on at her sad position in the European labor market, can see without trouble of soul, as I have, in prosperous Canon Bern, a woman harnessed with a cow and dragging a load of manure. The Swiss women, judging from appearances, seem to be the supporters instead of the supported. They are active and indefatigable in labor. They even carry bricks and mortar for the builders up narrow planks and steep ladders. The unfittest doubtless die young, which is a happy provision of nature, while the fittest grow rigid and stiff, toughened like seasoned hickory, with bowed backs, muscles of whipcord and faces such as one sees carved on walnuts. The men are doubtless laborious, but their labor seems less in evidence than the labor of the women. Nature is inexorable in these mountains, but her stinging lash falls most heavily on the shoulders of the woman.

The national costumes have faded out of the Engadine, if they ever existed there. The people are a plain, sturdy, sober folk, thrifty, too, in their way, but joyless of aspect. In other parts of Switzerland, where a few years ago the costumes of the different cantons were preserved by the women waiters at hotels, you now see on-

ly plain black gowns and white aprons. There are pretty silver ornaments in the shop windows, and occasionally on a Sunday they appear in the streets on the person of some Swiss dame. But they are fast fading out of existence, and more's the pity, as they are very pretty and becoming.—Christian Register.

NEEDLESS IMPORTS.

California Brings From the East Products That Should Come From Itself.

In the second list are many of the commonest articles of consumption, which California might readily produce at home, but for which it sends millions of dollars abroad each year. The imports of pork and its products range as high as \$8,000,000 or \$10,000,000 each year. Condensed milk is not only a very important article of consumption in mining camps and great ranches, but is largely shipped abroad for the Asiatic trade. It is brought across the continent from New Jersey. California also sends beyond its borders from \$20,000,000 to \$25,000,000 annually for the item of sugar, which should not only be produced in sufficient quantities to supply consumption, but for export as well.

It is a curious fact that many of the finest fruit preserves sold in San Francisco bear French and Italian labels, and that the supply of canned sweet corn comes mostly from Maine. Essential oils made from the peelings of citrus fruits are also imported. It is not uncommon to find orange marmalade which has been prepared in Rochester, the oranges having been shipped eastward and the manufactured product westward at a cost of two transcontinental freights. Imports are by no means confined to things which require capital and machinery for their manufacture. Chickens, turkeys and eggs are largely brought from outside. A single commission house in San Francisco imports 500,000 chickens every year. Thus a good many thousands of the new settlers can profitably be employed in feeding much of the present population of the state, which includes a large proportion of those who are speculating on wheat and fruit, sheep, cattle and hogs.—"Our Great Pacific Commonwealth," by William E. Smythe, in Century.

Insects and Cold.

Insects which spend the major portion of their lives in a torpid or semitorpid state are but seldom injured and never killed by being frozen. Instances are numerous of travelers in mountain regions finding beetles or butterflies above the snow line which were frozen stiff and apparently stone dead. However, when these same insects were carried down into the warmer atmosphere of the valleys or into a mountaineer's cabin, they completely revived in a very short while.

It appears that their normal vital powers are so low that a degree of cold that would prove fatal to a more highly organized creature seldom hurts them.—St. Louis Republic.

After the Feast.

Caller—I understand that your husband distinguished himself at the banquet last evening.

Mrs. Rumly—Possibly, but it was more than he could do when he reached home.—Detroit Free Press.

Church of the Nativity.

That Bethlehem is the city of Christ's nativity there is no doubt, but that the grotto in the rock is the spot where he was born there are many who question. They contend that the gospel gives no authority for this, saying that the manger belonged to an inn or khan; that it was because the rooms above were filled with guests that the holy family were compelled to take up their temporary abode in the court used to stable the mules and the horses. But until the doubters can prove that some other spot has superior claims to this the world will go on revering the little grotto beneath the Church of the Nativity.—New York Herald.

When Jesus Was Born.

Sound over all waters, reach out from all lands,
The chorus of voices, the clasp of hands;
Sing hymns that were sung by the stars of the morn,
Sing songs of the angels when Jesus was born!

—Whittier.

OFFICE OF RANGELEY LAKES,
Rangeley, Me.,
May 16, 1896.

To the Guides:—

The idea of a guides' premium inaugurated by RANGELEY LAKES last year having proved so successful, we have decided to continue the plan and make it even more interesting this season.

As a starter we offer a

\$36 Fancy Sporting RIFLE

Made by the Winchester Repeating Arms Co. This will go to the Guide who brings us in the largest number of new subscribers to RANGELEY LAKES before January 1st, 1897.

But if you don't get subscribers enough to capture the rifle, we offer one of E. T. Hoar's best \$12

Hand-Made Fishing Rods

As a

Second Premium

As a

THIRD PREMIUM

We offer a handsome collection of Mrs. E. H. Dill's

Hand-Made Rangeley Flies.

AND STILL ANOTHER

To the one bringing in the fourth largest list we will give a

Handsome Fly Book.

To the guide not securing any of the above premiums, but bringing in over 10 new subscribers, we will give a year's subscription to RANGELEY LAKES.

Trusting that the above will be of interest to every guide, we remain,

Yours for booming the Rangeleys.

The Publishers of RANGELEY LAKES.

P. S. Subscription blanks furnished on application.

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Ripans Tabules cure dizziness.
Ripans Tabules cure headache.
Ripans Tabules cure liver troubles.
Ripans Tabules cure torpid liver.

TO HIS LADYLOVE.

You meaner beauties of the night,
That poorly satisfy our eyes
More by your number than your light,
You common people of the skies,
What are you when the sun shall rise?

You curious chanters of the wood
That warble forth Dame Nature's lays,
Thinking your passions understood
By your weak accents. What's your praise
When Philomel her voice shall raise?

You violets that first appear
By your pure purple mantles known,
Like the proud virgins of the year,
As if the spring were all your own,
What are you when the rose is blown?

So when my mistress shall be seen
In form and beauty of her mind
By virtue first, then choice, a queen,
Tell me if she were not designed
Th' eclipse and glory of her kind?
—New York Ledger.

SCHOOL IN OLD NEW YORK.

Laurence Hutton's Reminiscences of Half a Century Ago.

In 1850 or 1852 the boy went to another dame's school. It was kept by Miss Kilpatrick on Franklin or North Moore street. From this, as he grew in years, he was sent to the primary department of the North Moore street public school, at the corner of West Broadway, where he remained three weeks, and where he contracted a whooping cough which lasted him three months. The other boys used to throw his hat upon an awning in the neighborhood, and then throw their own hats up under the awning in order to bounce the boy's hat off—an amusement for which he never much cared. They were not very nice boys anyway, especially when they made fun of his maternal grandfather, who was a trustee of the school and who sometimes noticed the boy after the morning prayers were said.

The grandfather was very popular in the school. He came in every day, stepped up on the raised platform at the principal's desk and said in his broad Scotch, "Good morning, boys," on which the entire body of pupils at the top of their lungs and with one voice replied, "G-o-o-d morning, Mr. Scott!" This was considered a great feature in the school, and strangers used to come from all over the city to witness it. Somehow it made the boy a little bit ashamed, he does not know why. He would have liked it well enough and been touched by it, too, if it had been some other boy's grandfather. The boy's father was present once—the boy's first day—but when he discovered that the president of the board of trustees was going to call on him for a speech he ran away, and the boy would have given all his little possessions to have run after him. The boy knew then as well as he knows now how his father felt, and he thinks of that occasion every time he runs away from some speech he himself is called upon to make.—Laurence Hutton in St. Nicholas.

Sustained the Jury's Rights.

Judge Prendergast, before his elevation to the bench, was defending an aggravated case of assault before Judge Hors. He desired to introduce some evidence favorable to his case, but it was incompetent, being hearsay testimony. He made numerous attempts to bring out the evidence. It met with strong objection as often from the state's attorney. The question was argued at length, and the court sustained the prosecution, ruling the evidence incompetent. Thereupon Judge Prendergast swung around to the jury and said: "Well, gentlemen of the jury, shall this evidence go in or not?"

"Yes," the jury burst out.

The judge and state's attorney lost their breath by the shock incident to such a remarkable and unheard of proceeding. Recovering his breath Judge Hors, who was a novice on the bench then, asked:

"Where is your warrant for such action as you have committed?"

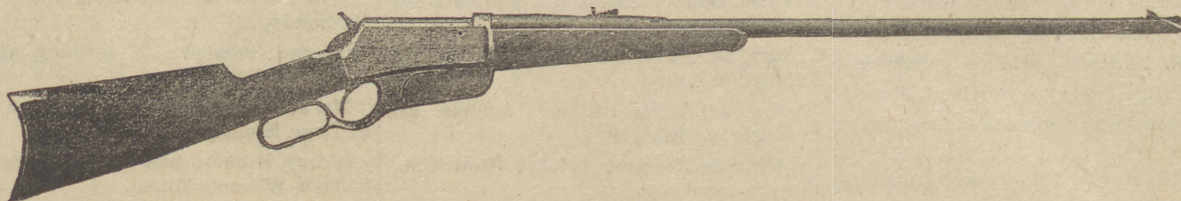
"Your honor, this is your first criminal case," replied Judge Prendergast seriously, "and you are not familiar with the criminal practice. The law of this state says the jury shall be judges of the law or fact in such cases. You have overruled this right of the jury and the jury has reversed your ruling. I will no longer defend the case."

The proceedings caused a sensation. However, Judge Prendergast remained in the case under protest. The jury was indignant to think their lawful right to decide all questions had been impaired. The

Winchester Model 1895.

An Entirely New Style of Arm.

5 SHOTS IN MAGAZINE.



This is the first box magazine, lever action gun, ever put on the market. It is light in weight; handsome in form; strong, safe, and sure in action. The best materials, which our large capacity and experience have determined, are used in receiver, action and barrel. The parts are made to gauges by our own interchangeable system—not fitted by hand and numbered separately. The complete gun has been tested at 60,000 lbs. pressure with a .30 Caliber Government shell and ball, giving velocities of 24 feet per second. The regular velocity required for this cartridge is 2,000 feet. Each gun has been proved in the rough and finished condition, shot to prove the action, and sighted upon a 200-yard target. As a single loader, it can be shot 25 times per minute from the shoulder, with aim; as a repeater, at the rate of two to three shots per second, with aim. We believe that no other gun can offer so many advantages in rapidity of action, high velocity, and excellence of material and workmanship.

Winchester Repeating Arms Co.,

New Haven, Conn.

defendant was discharged, the jury not even leaving their seats.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Bonded Servants.

Butlers and ladies' maids are acquired, like greatness. One's friends are breaking up housekeeping, perhaps, and are glad to find a place for their trusted servitors. More often than otherwise the butler in a certain mansion was originally picked up in England like a choice bit of bric-a-brac, but perhaps not by his present employer. He—the butler—began life as a page in some titled English family. In course of time he became a valet, and finally graduated a full fledged butler. His ambition then is America and higher wages. And often when he changes employers, for which there are various reasons, his former master is willing to give bonds for his future good conduct.

The price of the fin de siècle butler is above rubies, for in addition to his other duties he finds time to look after your inkstand, renew the paper in your blotting book, change your calendar daily and place the new monthly railway guide at your hand.

Ladies' maids are acquired in much the same manner as butlers.—Philadelphia Times.

The Pious Robin.

Here is a story of an orthodox robin: Some time ago I attended morning service in Ely cathedral, where, during the prayers, a robin kept flitting about the building, joining occasionally in the service with a modest "chirrup." When the clergyman ascended the pulpit and began to speak, the robin deliberately perched himself on one of the pinnacles of the chancel screen, quite close to the orator, and the louder the pastor preached the louder did the robin sing, much to the amusement of the congregation. I have no recollection of what the sermon was about, but the robin's singing made a deep impression upon me.—London Telegraph.

The sacerdotal crown was one of roses or other flowers, which, on certain festival occasions during the middle ages, was worn by the priests or monks when marching in procession through the streets.

The primrose is in England an emblem of inconstancy. The name signifies that it is the prime rose, or the first rose of the spring, this flower opening before most others.

A fluid ounce of United States-measure equals 29½ cubic centimeters.

Can Always Find Words.

Once, when both were at an advanced age, Mr. Gladstone and the late Lady Stanley of Alderley were comparing notes as to the effect of time upon them. Mr. Gladstone complained of increasing deafness, but Lady Stanley found that she was now often unable to think of words with which to give shape to her thoughts. "That," said Mr. Gladstone in reply, with a humorous chuckle, "is a feeling that I have never been conscious of."

IN A WOMAN'S HAND.

The Power of the Czar's Mother Over Europe's Destinies.

Napoleon predicted that "before the century is out Europe will be either Cossack or republican." The great republican wave that swept Europe from 1848 to 1850 calmed down, until a milder reform wave came with the Franco-German war.

France lost her prestige among the great powers after the war, and 25 years of republican government could not bring it back. An alliance with a strong anti-German power was necessary. The late Czar Alexander III hated the Germans after the Turco-Russian war, in which he, as czarowitz, held a chief command. He challenged the German crown prince, later Emperor Frederick, to fight a duel because of the latter's criticism of the Russian army. As their parents were bosom friends, the affair was settled by the order that the young opponents be confined to their respective castles for a certain time.

Another token of Alexander's animosity I witnessed myself, being present as a reporter when he visited the old cathedral in Denmark where his wife's ancestors were buried. The old verger of the church asked if he might address his imperial highness in German, to which Alexander answered in Danish:

"I do not speak that language. Speak Danish."

Now, as a fact, he knew German as well, only he would not use it. Later, when he, as emperor, met Kaiser Wilhelm in Berlin, he used the French language in his conversation.

When this great friend of France died, it was feared that Czar Nicholas' marriage to a German princess would interfere with Russian opposition to Germany, but the fact is that his mother, the widow of Alexander, the "German hater," has as strong control over her son as she had over her husband, whose hate, no doubt, was inspired by her. She could not forget that Germany in 1864 took Sleswick-Holstein, where her ancestors' home had been, and she desires to see Germany humiliated and her old home restored to her father, King Christian of Denmark.

As soon as Russia has gained her point in the eastern question and got possession of Constantinople the Franco-Russian armies will invade Germany, and that it will happen while the dowager empress lives is well understood in diplomatic circles. Thus the tiny hand of a woman holds the destiny of Europe, and the great Napoleon's prediction may yet be fulfilled.—Otto in New York Tribune.

One Type of Englishman.

The Grand hotel at Zell-am-Zee has, as many know, a garden bordered by the lake where, in the very necessary shade of lilac trees, contemplative Austrians sit at small tables and consume the deep colored beer, so called, of Munich.

Among these and within sound of their sober exclamations of wonderment at the beauty of the prospect sat a young Englishman, gracefully idle and wearing with a becoming indifference a most trying headcovering at that time fashionable and

still known at Cambridge as a "beast" hat. He was watching the approach of a countrywoman—young, wholesome, sun-burned and energetic—who had just emerged from the door of the hotel.

The Englishman was startlingly clean, with thin, soft hair carefully brushed back from a bland forehead. His face was narrow, with a prominent nose, suggesting the frequent use of soap and water. The countenance was expressive of one dominant quality, as nearly all countenances are if studied with understanding, and that nothing less than the desire to be instantly and persistently agreeable. Ladies given to the exercise of that species of hospitality which has for its aim the bringing together of young people and for its end the hope that some of these may elect to remain together till death do them release invariably secured Algernon Augustus Passavant. Algernon, it appeared, made things go. Some very young girls thought him stupid, and did not always understand his humor. They thought that he lacked poetry and was uninteresting. His hair, in fact, was too thin and too short. The more elderly sirens, engaged in the pursuit of eligible junior attaches, kept an eye on Passavant as a sheep dog keeps an eye upon the shepherd. A few mistaken mammals set little traps for him, and he made himself invariably agreeable to the bait, without being hooked.—Henry Seton Merriman in McClure's.

Monkeys as Fly Catchers.

An interesting fact known to students of natural history was touched on by a gentleman who has given considerable attention to the study of monkeys and their antics. Mr. Austin is the gentleman referred to.

"One of the most peculiar features about monkeys—aside from their faces—is their ability to catch flies. Fact. Ever been in a barroom? Why, of course. Well, you've seen a lot of flies on the counter, and maybe you've seen a man trying to scoop them up with his hand. If you watch the man, you will find that he puts himself to a great deal of trouble to do the work. He will pull up his sleeve, bare his wrist and lunge viciously at the gathered knot of flies. Chances are he won't get any, but instead will knock over half a dozen glasses in the attempt. The monkey beats the man at the game. Every time he goes for a fly it's a ten to one shot that the fly is caught. The 'monk' simply 'reaches' for the fly in a thoughtless, absentminded fashion peculiar to him. It looks as though a thought just strikes him that flies are good. Out stretches a hand. He doesn't rush it or swipe around like a dog chasing his tail, but goes about it in a dignified way. He only uses two fingers, but the fly is caught. It is a pipe cinch that the monkeys catch nine out of ten flies they reach for and don't seem to try to when they do it."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

"Pa, what is dramatic ability?"

"Dramatic ability? Well, it is a typewriter girl's gift of looking sorry when she hears that her employer will have to stay at home a week with a bad cold."—Chicago Record.

Local Paragraphs.

A Happy New Year.
Have you made new resolutions?
Close time begins again to-morrow.
John Oakes went to Phillips Sunday.
Frank Harris has sold his pacing mare.
Bert Burrill went to Portland, Monday.
Thursday was a sharp and frosty morning.
Ed. Grose, of Coplin, spent Sunday in town.
Supt. Phillips was in town Wednesday night.
Mrs. E. P. McCard was in Phillips, Monday.
Luther Nile, Esq., went to Farmington Thursday.
No more excitement in game circles until May 1, '97.
Miss Maggie Hinkley returned from Phillips, Monday.
Miss Clara Libbey left for her home in Guilford, Monday.
The hotels are gathering their next season's supply of ice.
Miss Ella Johnston commenced her school in the Quimby district, Monday.
Miss Maggie Hinkley is teaching in the Wilbur district. School commenced Monday.
Mr. and Mrs. Ned Churchill and son left Rangeley Thursday morning. All are sorry to have them leave.
It is reported that "until further notice" the train which has been leaving at 6 o'clock a. m. will leave at 6.45.
Miss Evelyn Hewey left Monday for a two week's vacation. She will visit friends in West Dresden and other places.
Isaac Ellis and wife were in Phillips last week where they visited relatives for a few days. They returned Friday night.
Eugene Soule and wife and Mrs. Soule's sister, Miss Oliver, left Thursday morning for Massachusetts. Mr. and Mrs. Soule for South Framingham, where they will remain till May.
H. W. Loomis has his boat timber out for next season. There is a log that was 45 feet in length before a limb was taken off, and the diameter is about five feet. It is one of the biggest cedar logs brought into the village for some time.
About 20 of the friends of Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Haley met with them at their home Christmas eve, Mr. Haley having previously furnished as pretty a tree as one often sees. It was, on that evening, filled seemingly, to its fullest capacity, with pretty presents, aside from those that were on stands, tables, and the floor. At this time we will make mention of but three of them. One of Mr. Haley's presents was a check of \$25.00 from his son in N. H., one of Mrs. Lucy Herrick's was a very pretty doll and one of Miss Minnie Grant's was a very old and gray haired man. Among those present were Miss Fay Worthley, Miss Marion Quimby, Miss Marion Haley, and it was decided by all that they conducted themselves with remarkable quietness and good behavior, when considering that it was their first appearance in society. At first the whole company had a sociable chat, then they played various kinds of plays and games, until it was time to distribute the presents. After that all did partake of an oyster supper, Miss Minnie Grant being taken to supper by another quite an old man, although not gray haired like the other one, and yet he was young enough so that that was his first effort in that direction. Each one before starting for home, which was at a late hour, pronounced it the most enjoyable Christmas evening that they ever experienced. Ed. Grant, especially, saying he had had an awful good time and he wanted everyone in that crowd, if they ever came within one-half mile of his house, to stop.

January thaw is near at hand.
Bert Welch, of Farmington, is in town.
John Snowman, of Sander's Mills, is in town.
Dr. Russell, of Farmington, was in town Sunday.
Chas. Hamlin was off the road for a few days last week.
Mrs. Ed. Grose left for her home in Coplin last Tuesday.
Mrs. J. A. Russell and children are visiting in Phillips.
Adelmon Morrison, of Lang Plantation, was in town Monday.
George M. Esty has been appointed a member of the board of health.
Miss Lottie Kennerson is stopping with Mrs. Daniel Collins at Temple.
Will Smith, our photographer, was at his home in Phillips for Christmas.
Samuel Hano, Esq., of Newton, Mass., was in town the first of the week.
Ed. Whorff and family are soon to move into the house recently vacated by Ned. Churchill.
Are you making preparations for the boom Rangeley is to have next year? It will be a sky scraper.
To begin the year aright you should subscribe for RANGELEY LAKES, if in arrears a renewal would be the next best thing.
Fred E. York, mail clerk on the Farmington-Rangeley route, will go to Portland Monday to take examination for additional honors in the service. He will be absent two weeks.
There was a Christmas tree at S. B. McCard's Friday night. Those present were: Mrs. E. H. Grose and daughter, Inez, Misses Nellie and Lura Lamb, Miss Clara Libbey, Mrs. A. T. Toothaker, Olive Esty, Hazel Rowe, Wm. Lamb, Bert Toothaker, Carol Hewey.
Rangeley people will be sorry to learn of the death of "Dick Martz" the veteran showman who is well known about town. He died at the Soldier's Home, Togus, last Sunday. The body was taken to his home in Camden. Few are aware that his real name was Martin Richards.
Christmas at this place was rather quiet this year, save the private entertainments held by different parties in and about the village. The usual ceremonies occurred at the White school-house. There were exercises at the school-house in Taunton, and several from the village were present. There was no public tree at the village.
J. D. Huntoon received a letter from F. S. Dickson, Esq., of Philadelphia, and a summer resident of Maneskootuk island in Rangeley Lake wishing him to go ahead and superintend the building of a boat for use next season. Mr. Huntoon says he will build it something after the style of the Kinganet, but if any change is made it will be in the length, a little longer. Work was begun getting out the knees last Monday. Mr. Dyer of Portland will do the work. The fleet is growing.
There was a small gathering at Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Snowman's Christmas eve. Those that were present were Mr. and Mrs. Melvin Tibbetts and family, Mrs. Ella Rowe and family, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Blodgett and son, Dana Blodgett, Mrs. Huntoon and family, Mrs. Wm. Haley and Chancy Haley, Mrs. Chas. Pillsbury and Miss Blanche Ellis. The tree was very beautifully trimmed with pop corn. There were two hundred and fifty presents in all. The following program was presented: Why Santa Claus Sneezed, Hazle Rowe; Christmas, Blanche Ellis; singing, Little Soldiers, Lola and Winona Tibbetts, Hazle Rowe, Nellie and Georgie Huntoon, and Linnie Snowman; Christmas song, Georgie Huntoon; Bessie's Christmas Dream, Winona Tibbetts; Singing, Meet me There; Christmas Carol, Nellie Huntoon; Christmas eve, Lola Tibbetts; reading, Linnie Snowman; Mamma's Darling, Ruthie Tibbetts; singing, Gathering Home.

T. H. Barrett is quite sick with neuralgia.
The first team down the lake was last Tuesday.
C. M. Davis, of Phillips, was in town Wednesday.
Will Porter was home from the woods, Wednesday.
George Snowman is working at the Mountain View.
Mr. and Mrs. James Myers are boarding at Dana Hinkley's.
Sidney Bennett has returned from his home in Wilson's Mills.
Bert Toothaker is at work for Furbish, Butler & Oakes this week.
David Hoar is building a store house back of his blacksmith shop.
Ed. Hoar is out of the shop for a few days with a very severe cold.
E. I. Herrick has moved his family to John Herrick's for the winter.
Miss Emma Gile, of Rangeley Plantation, was in Phillips, Monday.
Lewis Bowley got in the ice for the Mountain View House, Tuesday.
F. W. Hewey has moved his family to Lake Point Cottage for the winter.
The wagon teams are going into Hinkley & Adams' logging camps to-day.
Miss Etta Snowman spent Christmas at Sander's Mills. She returned Monday night.
Hon. Joel Wilbur came in from Phillips, Monday, to put in ice at Camp Chateaugay.
Miss Evie Oakes, of Phillips, spent Christmas with her sister, Mrs. A. L. Robertson, on Lake St.
Ed. Lowell drove Samuel Hano, Esq., to Phillips, Monday, and from there to Strong, returning Tuesday.
There was a Christmas tree at Ernest Haley's, Friday afternoon. Little Miss Dorris and her friends had a very pleasant time.
Spring is coming and you will want a new, stylish suit of clothes. All you have to do is leave your measure at the store of G. A. Proctor where you will be sure of a good fit, besides getting nice cloth into the bargain.
There was a Christmas tree at Philbrick Gile's on Saturday evening at which quite a large number were present. The tree was trimmed with tissue paper and wax candles illuminating the whole room. Santa Claus sent a large box of candy for the boys and girls. There was singing and recitations by several ladies and gentlemen and the whole party enjoyed the time to the fullest extent. Owing to lack of space we cannot give the program in full.
Quimby District.
Mr. Gus Darling is working for Mr. J. D. W. Quimby.
Mr. and Mrs. Harry Bemis visited friends in Quimby District last week.
School commenced Dec. 28, Miss Johnston teacher. She boards at C. F. Quimby's.
Mr. David Haley has taken the job to haul about 35 tons of hay and straw to Bemis for logging operations.
Mr. J. R. Toothaker is having his hay pressed at the Pillsbury place. The pressers board at Mr. James Searles.
Mr. John Oakes is having his hay pressed at the Kennebago farm.
Ought to be a Republican.
Lewis Rowe, of Madrid, has a bright little grandson, as the following will show. Mr. Rowe invited his daughter and her husband, the parents of the little boy, to spend Thanksgiving with him. As the family were about to start the little fellow looking at his paternal, said, "Papa, why don't you be a Republican to-day, you know grandpa hates a Democrat awfully."

Dallas.

Rose Campbell went to Phillips to visit her daughter this week. Mr. and Mrs. Horace Bubier went with her.
John Oakes was in this place last week pressing hay with his hand press.
After a sickness of about a week Ethelyn Tibbetts passed quietly away Sunday morning. She will be remembered and much missed by her many friends. She had a bright smile and a kind word for everyone and won many friends. The parents have the sympathy of everyone in the neighborhood.

Better Than Ever.

With the year 1897 that old and reliable Republican paper, the Kennebec Journal, which stands deservedly in the front ranks of Maine's progressive newspapers, will enter upon its seventy-second year, and its Daily edition will enter upon its twenty-eighth year. The Journal, at all times an interesting and up-to-date paper, will be of special value the coming winter, on account of the complete and comprehensive manner in which it handles the news of the legislative session. Not only does it, as the State paper, publish the only official stenographic report of legislative proceedings, but it also gives full and valuable reports of the various important committee hearings, and the various news and gossip that makes the Capital such a center of news interest during the legislature winter.

No Maine home can well afford to be without this paper during the coming winter, and certainly, the very reasonable price which the publishers have placed upon it for the legislative session, puts it within the reach of all.

The Daily edition of the Journal will be sent to any address during the legislative session, for \$1.25; the Weekly edition will be sent to any address for the same period for 30 cents. Everyone will recognize that this is a most liberal offer, and we have no doubt that citizens all over the State will hasten to avail themselves of it. While this special rate is intended to apply only to the time the Legislature is in session, the publishers of the Journal have decided to enter all subscriptions for the Legislature Daily or Weekly as soon as they are received. People, therefore, who subscribe at once will secure the advantage of getting the paper several weeks free of charge.

Address all subscriptions to
BURLEIGH & FLYNT, Augusta, Me.

BORN.

Rangeley Plantation, Dec. 25, to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Huntoon a son.

MARRIED.

In Bowdoinham, Dec. 21st, at the residence of the bride's father, Capt. Elias Reed, by the Rev. E. R. Stearns, of Warren, Mr. A. Anderson Badger, of Warren, and Miss Caroline Reed, of Bowdoinham.

Phillips, Dec. 25, by Rev. W. A. Nottage, Elgin G. Streeter and Mrs. Annie B. Graham.

DIED.

Dallas, Dec. 27, Ethelyn, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Tibbetts, aged about 16 years.

Rangeley, Dec. 25, Inza Withey, aged about 12 years.

Maine's Own is Always the Best.

Every State has its own Keeley Institute. Maine's Keeley Institute is in Deering. Every train on the Maine Central and the Portland & Rochester Railroad stop at this station (Westbrook Junction). It is the best, the nearest, and cheapest and has a Keeley graduate for its physician, who understands every pang and want of the patient. This is the only Keeley Institute in New England authorized by Dr. Leslie E. Keeley, or the Keeley Co. to do business in Maine. Look around you and see the permanent cures from your own Institute.

Blue Mountain Kennels.

Bull terriers from six weeks to fifteen months old. Dogs and sluts for sale at reasonable prices. S. WARREN BATES, Prop., Phillips, Me.

The dog at the Moosehookmeaguntie House, the past summer, was bred at these kennels.